

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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The Living Church hews close to the line when it commends "prayer-book piety" rather than "prayer-book church-men."

The Indian Messenger, published in Calcutta, tells us that "Purity in the sight of God means a passionate love of righteousness and a thorough integrity of intentions."

The Independent gives the lamentable information that W. H. Hunt's noble frescoes in the assembly chamber at Albany are to be "restored," and insinuates that the "job" is to be let by the politicians. Poor Hunt!

A bill is before the Pennsylvania Legislature looking towards the establishment of the whipping-post for the benefit of wife beaters. It ought to provide that the wives should be the executioners. Such a bill ought to pass without debate!

We like the radicalism of the late Samuel Johnson which is thus characterized by the reviewer of his last work on Persia in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February: "He called himself a *fideist*, a man of faith, having in his vocabulary no word large enough to convey his thought."

A contributor to *The Christian Life* calls a recent candidating experience in a church "a preaching match," and concludes that such matches "unnaturally foster the critical element, foment divisions, and induce a sort of purgatorial state in both congregations and ministers."

J. Estlin Carpenter, in a letter to Sunday-school teachers published in the *Helper* for February, gives this suggestive advice: "Never teach what you do not

believe, as if it were true," "Try to impress your pupils that the people and things you speak of are real," and "Do not let these things sound only like 'Bible words.'"

"The Foundation of Death," the most complete and conclusive "Study of the Drink Question" ever published, has reached its third American edition. The author in it finds one golden rule of temperance in the writings of Cicero where he insists on "Abstinence from all things not good and entirely innocent in their character."

The paper read by D. L. Shorey, Esq., before the January meeting of the Channing Club on "Problems of Municipal Government for Chicago," is published in pamphlet form. In this he says that "Chicago is now the third centre of business and population in the United States," and that "it is generally conceded that in a few years it will take the second rank."

J. Allanson Picton, in a recent paper on Prof. Fawcett in *Good Words*, finds his great courage centered where all true courage comes from, in "a fearless adherence to principle," and well says: "His record will teach to yet unborn generations how strength of will and loyalty of soul may wrest from the most adverse circumstances opportunities of splendid service to mankind."

Dr. Newman is no sooner out of his New York troubles than he is entangled in others. Wm. Emmet Coleman in a recent number of the *Evening Post*, of San Francisco, shows how porous is the Doctor's learning when he claims "the Bible as the oldest book in the world," that "two to one of the cyclopedias agree that Moses was born 1571 B. C.," that "scholars agree that Moses wrote the Pentateuch," etc.

A Boston paper says that docking horses' tails is again becoming prevalent among the ultra-fashionable, and it also reminds the reader that this species of cruelty to animals renders the perpetrator liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment. We hope that the members of the Illinois Humane Society will be on the alert, so that if this polite barbarism breaks out in Chicago the first elegant savage may be promptly dealt with.

A writer in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is inclined to put the roller skating-rink among forbidden pleasures. He is afraid of the "sweet seductive music" and thinks it transfers the interest from the head to the heels. But there is a piety of the heels, and judging from the limp and nerveless condition of

many bodies in these days, we are not sure but there is an infidelity of the legs that needs to be assailed. The holy spirit needs a whole body to occupy. The sacred truth cannot find full expression where there is not sacred health.

In an entertaining and also alliterative article in the *Boston Commonwealth*, Rev. W. G. Babcock calls attention to "the immense inventory of imperfections, infirmities, incongruities, inconsistencies and iniquities with 'i' for the initial letter." Mr. Babcock barely mentions the fact that most of these unwelcome attributes and entities, which he goes on to enumerate, begin with the negative prefix *in*. Is it not a pleasant thought that the mind of man first apprehends and names whatsoever things are lovely, and that our very defects take their names from ideals not yet attained?

The Living Church calls a halt on Heber Newton when he recommends that the Nicene creed should serve mankind "by gently dying," while he still desires to stay inside the church to which he is vowed to minister the doctrine "as this church hath received the same." The logic of our exchange seems to us unanswerable. We like the views of Dr. Newton, because they are so much like our own, but we know that we have no place in the Episcopal church and we doubt much if he has. So solid a verity as the Episcopal church has rights which even liberal and progressive ideas ought to respect.

"Types of Ethical Theory" is the title of the new book now passing through the press from the pen of Dr. Martineau. The "Data of Ethics" was the culminating point in the scheme of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," which he framed for himself nearly forty years ago. It is fitting that this octogenarian should round out his life by giving us his most mature thoughts on ethics. There are no words so much needed in literature to-day as fresh words upon ethics. For as Mr. Salter well says in the *Church-Door Pulpit* for January 28, "The current views for morality are low and conventional; even the churches who should inspire us with an ideal view of life, talk of 'mere morality.' * * An ideal perfection is the only ultimate reason for existence; if we do not turn our faces thitherward, our lives, however full of shows and business and plans and works they may be, are without rational significance; and if we do, there are at bottom no more puzzles or cares or anxieties for us; in our heart of hearts there is a peace and joy, that no reverses or disappointments can ever disturb or mar."

Some of our readers and occasionally an *Exchange* are much troubled because we don't tell oftener what Unitarians believe. This is discouraging, because we are not conscious of having said or written much else for the last fourteen years. But for the benefit of those who like to have it counted upon their fingers Brother Mann, of Rochester, has tried it once

again. He had not fingers enough, and so he finds as many reasons as the apocalyptic beast had heads and horns for being an Unitarian. For creed purposes we severely condense them as follows:

1. I see no sufficient reason for being anything else.
2. The unity of God rests on evidences in nature.
3. The prophets of Israel taught that God is one.
4. Jesus taught that God is one.
5. Greek philosophers and Roman moralists generally speak of God as one. Plato, Seneca and Epictetus were Unitarians.
6. The Unity of God is a consistent, intelligible conception.
7. The Trinity infinitely exaggerates the importance of earth and man. It was devised when the earth was supposed to be the centre of the universe.
8. Because it teaches the unity of man. Where there is fatherhood there must be brotherhood.
9. Because it encourages the noblest endeavor. The Golden Age is before us.
10. Because it gives a natural, reasonable notion of what the Bible is, a legitimate outcome of human mind and heart.
11. It teaches the adequacy of the human faculties.
12. Because it welcomes all advances of thought.
13. Because it is not an army of solicitors confronting you at every turn, begging for souls. It respects individuality.
14. It has no curses for unbelievers. It honors one who goes out with a clear conscience, more than him who stays in without it.
15. It provides the widest fellowship.
16. Because it suggests a possibly universal faith.
17. And, lastly, because it shines with a steady, not a fitful light, suggestive of eternal calmness, and a light which never goes out.

These reasons were published in longer meter in the *Rochester Union and Advertiser* of January 19. We were so anxious that people should know what Unitarians believe and stand for that we helped start *UNITY* for that express purpose, and if, after seven years labor, the matter is still but vaguely understood, it is because the Unitarian movement is so large and *UNITY* so small. But we propose to keep on trying.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Manchester New College, held in London on the 15th ult., a communication was read from Dr. James Martineau, declaring his intention to retire entirely from his position as Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Principal of the school with the close of this academic year. Dr. Martineau has occupied this position for forty-five years, and has given to the institution, whose interests he has followed from Manchester to London, a character and power far above what it could naturally expect as the Divinity School of a small and unpopular sect. At the time of his appointment it was a grave question among the friends of the school as to whether a chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy was a necessary part of the equipment of a theological school, and as late as 1857, as it appears from the address of Rev. J. H. Thom de-

livered on the above occasion, there was a special meeting of the trustees held "to consider a most serious protest against the appointment of Dr. Martineau as Professor of Religious Philosophy. The protest was signed by some of the leading names in the Unitarian ministry at that time, and by many excellent and honorable laymen who feared that the foundation of our faith would crumble away under the bold and brilliant heresiarch." But as was well said by other speakers, his ever "advancing intellect and character," his successively enlarging views have made the Unitarian Church of England essentially a church of the spirit, using historical facts only when they satisfy, elevate and nourish the spiritual consciousness. Perhaps Dr. Martineau more than any one else has been influential in transferring the emphasis in ministerial training from texts to thought, from erudition to thinking. The faculty of a theological school now is measured not by the power it has of throwing new light on a Greek article or a Hebrew verb, but by its ability to give vital interpretation to consciousness, larger meaning to the religious movements of the world and a more spiritual meaning to the facts and methods of science. This is why Dr. Martineau in London and our own Professor Everett at Cambridge have been able to give to the course of study at the schools which they represent an interest much more religious than theological, a character less sectarian than truth-seeking, less dogmatic than philosophic. These schools are sending forth, year by year, men more given to the interpretations of life than of dogma, men in whom denominational prejudices give way to cosmopolitan sympathies, men who have less and less interest in sectarian badges and who have no time for the petty disputes about doctrines; more and more interest in the less exciting but the more life-forming study of truth in its largest expression as found in the obtainable facts of the universe, the accumulated acquirements of the individual, the testimony of history and the possibilities of the future.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

Undoubtedly questioning is the basis of all conversation; for how can two persons converse until each has some knowledge of the other's substance of thought or point of view? Particularly, questioning is operative in conversations between unequals in knowledge; for either the less-informed will wish to question for information, or the better taught will pursue questioning as a more gracious art than lecturing. Especially in intercourse with children, questioning must embrace much, probably the greater part, of conversation, if we wish to educate, that is, draw out the child's opening powers; and every one knows, often by tiresome experience, how large a part questioning makes in the talk of the children themselves. We should encourage the questions of children; but we should be particular as to their kind. We should insist that they be the product of thought, instead of the substitute for thought.

Now, when the child asks a stupid question, there

are three ways in which we may deal with him. First, we may answer the question and impart the information asked. This may be pleasant to the child and the easiest way for ourselves, but it is fatal to the development of the child's thinking powers. Secondly, we may express our contempt for the thoughtlessness of the question, and set the child down with stern decision to work at the subject until he solves the question for himself. If this were no more than a just expression of intellectual displeasure, and if it would act to incite the child's thinking, it might be an excellent plan; but it is open to the objection that it would soon prevent the child from confessing his ignorance by asking questions, and yet not inspire him to think for himself. He would not ask the question, but neither would he wrestle with it in his own mind. He would simply leave us ignorant of his ignorance. We should have excited his fears or alienated his confidence without animating his ambition or quickening his intelligence. Thirdly, we may say kindly and calmly to the child that the question is thoughtless, and one which he ought not to ask, because it is in his own power to find the answer. We may then require of him the solution, and insist upon whatever work may be necessary to that end. Afterward we may make it the subject of conversation with him, help him to carry on the matter a little further, add to it some pleasant scraps of information, and convert thus what at first perhaps was a distasteful task, into a rewarding pleasure for the task done. This will make the right demand on the child's intelligence, while it will keep open the way for future questions and enlarge that companionship with your child which is so inestimable for his own mental and moral growth, and may be so sweet to yourself.

J. V. B.

A BLESSING ON THE DAY.

How many UNITY readers can look back at "Family Prayers" in their childhood? If any, probably not one has a mere laugh in the heart for the old home-custom. A smile, perhaps, as we remember the family struggle between the secular and the sacred business on those cold mornings when we were a little late and when, had we children voted, it would have been for breakfast and the buckwheat cakes, and that last sum left unfinished over night.

Why are we glad now that we couldn't vote then,—glad, although *our* children's sums have never had to suffer for any prayers? Because the best things in the dear old home seem somehow woven in with that quiet household rite, when the Bibles were opened and we children read our verses round in turn, and all kneeled while the Father or the Mother said the prayer. Our father's character, the sureness of our mother's love, the dim child-sense of family oneness, of a common household loyalty, of an Over-Father holding all of us together in his care,—memories like these go into our smile, and make us very tender when we think of what used to happen between the morning greetings and the breakfasts of long ago. We know now

better than we did then the economy of that ten minutes' grace before the day; how it made the day begin in calm instead of scamper; how it put the stamp of a bright seriousness on the new work; how, as we went our separate ways to the work, it said to each one, "Remember to live!" To wake, to dress, to eat, to rush away,—it punctuated that quick movement of the morning with a pause which made us think of God, each other, and the better life.

And yet, and yet, the custom came by and by to be an empty shell, and at last it dropped out of our life. The hurry of the day seemed to begin earlier as years went by; our thoughts about God, about the Bible, about Prayer, changed somewhat,—and Father grew old,—and Mother died,—and—yes, it dropped out! But its memory has steadied us, has blessed us, through the years; and we wouldn't give that memory up for many and many a breakfast now!

Has anything taken its place in our home-life? Anything that distinctly, daily tends to bind home-love, the earnest life, the feeling of the Over-Care, these three, within the compass of one household symbol? Of character and love, and that unconscious, organized religion which character and love express, there is as much as ever in our homes. But *Conscious Reverence*, that which gives the character and love an upward look and heaven-wide horizons, in how many homes of the Liberal Faith do the children breathe that in to-day? Truly we Liberals are more "broad" than deep. "Religious life," life stirred with a sense of the great relations of little things, is puny in us; and, puny in ourselves, it must needs be puny in our homes. Do not more than half of us send our children to the Sunday-school, hoping they will get there something which we want them to have, which we think they ought to have, and which we know we cannot give to them ourselves? Almost in vain we send them, for little can the Sunday-school avail with nothing in the home to back its influence,—one hour against the week! Nor can the church-going count for much when it joins on to nothing in the homes. If in truth all forms of reverence at home seem to us merely "forms," why not say the same of church, and frankly end them all,—as many do?

Let no dead rite try resurrection! Yet in a friend's home not long ago I saw a custom that would have much of the old influence of the "Family Prayer" to leave a morning benediction on the busy day, and so simple that even many shy of "forms" might find it easy. On the mother's plate at the breakfast-table lay a little book, from which she read for a quiet moment or two the portion for the day. The book was an annual published by the Moravians in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and used, I believe, in all households of their faith in this country; and the title-page showed that its use was an ancient custom, running back nearly one hundred and fifty years. Suppose that *we* had a little book voicing the outlooks and the inlooks and the life-help of the Liberal Faith,—might not such a custom find its way among us?

"Hard to introduce," you say. In many homes

impossible. But there are other homes where it does not seem so hard to do tender and reverent things in common; homes where father, mother and the children are so at one in feeling that they could easily pass the slight barrier of form and arrive at the beauty behind it. And in many a new-made home such sacredness clings about the life begun together by two who love each other, that a rite of reverence, shared with each other, might seem very natural and welcome. If continued through the tender years of the home-filling, as little brothers join the little sisters round the table, the custom might grow very dear to parents for each other's and the children's sake, and dear again to children in the old and blessed way that *we* remember. Then, too, in all homes there come seasons of deepened feeling, the times which sorrow, death, and disappointment bring, when it would not be hard to introduce this sign of earnestness and love and reverence. Given the *feeling*, from whatever source, a "form" that simply and fitly utters the feeling becomes an artless grace. And when the boys leave home to face the world alone, and when the girls go out to enter new homes of their own, it would almost seem like meeting every morning in the old homestead, were the "little book" to go with each, each knowing that in the distance, wherever parents, sisters, brothers were, all were gathering around one and the same thought, the portion for the day, and thinking of each other as they read. And so with any twos, or any score of friends.

No "little book" alone will bring the old reverence back. But we do not want just the old reverence back: we want fresh reverence of our own to rise within our altered and widened thought. And a little book, so used, may be one spring through which it might rise, to steal along our hours. The Calendars, of late so popular, uncovering some noble thought each day from Emerson or Whittier, from Ruskin or George Eliot, have been as paths to such a spring. Doubtless in many homes the verse-surprise of the day already enters into the breakfast-table talk. Were we to seek our book, a dozen Bible verses well-knitted around some central thought each day might be still for many the very best of all selections. The Bible is going to be more to Liberals at the end of the nineteenth century than it has been at any time since its beginning. It grew so shallow as the Book of God! But it has grown so deep as the Book of Man! And meanwhile it has grown so strange to most of us, that we shall come back to it with a traveller's delight and tell each other what rare verses we have discovered! But we *have* travelled: so for most of us the book of choice will hold besides great Bible-words, great words from other sources, prose and verse,—calm gladness from the Spirit, brave quickenings to the Higher Life.

Perhaps the best book thus arranged as yet is Mrs. Tileston's little volume "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." It is not perfect for our purpose,—a book rather to be read in the chamber than in the circle, and set too much, it may be, to monotones of experience. Next year will she gather us another "Daily Strength," selecting with this very thought in mind?

enal, transient and perishing. Adopting and sincerely believing Locke's philosophy Hume deduced from it by the severest logical reasoning a system of universal skepticism, and demonstrated that doubt, even of God and of one's personal existence, was the only rational state of mind for a philosopher. The doctrines of Locke were adopted in France, and led to that atheism which was so rife among the educated classes a century ago. This philosophy of the senses disrobes the earth of its beauty, and all nature of its chief splendor. It deprives Christianity of its clearest evidences, and cuts off the best hopes and noblest aspirations of man.

To this material philosophy, born of the senses, the transcendental philosophy is directly opposed. It teaches that the ideas of the Spiritual, the Eternal, the Infinite of God himself are of the mind, and in the mind—that they are coeval with life—are the most intimate and central facts of human consciousness. They are not communicated to the mind through the senses. They are not, and cannot be, deduced from any process of reflection, or from any materials furnished by sensible experience. They cannot be proved by syllogism, and are beyond the reach of logic.

Transcendentalism, then, is the recognition in man of the capacity of knowing truth intuitively—of attaining a scientific knowledge of an order of existence transcending the reach of the senses. It does not attempt to prove the existence of God, of virtue, of right and wrong, of immortality by any inference drawn from things visible, and the world of sense; but it finds these things written, more or less legibly, within our inmost being. These truths are revealed to us by "that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Endeavoring by logical argument to prove the existence of God would be, to such a man as Emerson, like taking out a candle at noon-day to search for the sun.

Emerson, and many others of his contemporaries who belonged to the Transcendental school of philosophy, one and all, knew God by the God within them. They knew his attributes of love, because they had the capacity of loving; of justice, because their own souls were the seat of justice; of goodness, because they could appreciate the beauty of goodness. Their own spirits were the reflex image of the Infinite Spirit. They, too, were in the image and likeness of God, and made after his similitude. God did not create man good six thousand years ago, and then leave him to his own fate, to stumble and fall; but he creates man good to-day, the youngest and last Adam as well as the eldest and first. This was the philosophy rightly termed transcendental which Emerson and his co-laborers, Channing, Parker, Ripley, Alcott, Hedge, Bartol, Dwight, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, and other distinguished men and women of forty years ago believed, taught, and lived. They asked themselves, they asked one another, Can this human spirit, though clothed with a covering of flesh, have no power of recognizing its spiritual relations? should it bear within no traces of its origin? should it be absolutely dependent on the flesh, and possess no other means of attaining to

the higher knowledge, which is its birthright, than the treacherous avenues of its material organs?

Oh! God, why hast thou given a certain proof
To know adulterate gold, but stamped no mark
Where it is needed most, to know immortal truth?

J. S. B.

SHORT DOCTRINAL SERMONS.

IV.

THE CHRIST IDEA.

1. Our purpose is to outline in brief how Jesus came to be the second person in the "holy, blessed and glorious Trinity." Of the truth or error of the doctrine we say nothing.

2. The idea of being anointed by God was a common one among the Jews. Their priests and kings were anointed—Messiah means anointed. Christ is the Greek word for Messiah. Cyrus is spoken of in Isaiah as the Lord's Messiah. In the time of Jesus many claimed to be Messiahs.

3. Jesus felt his nearness to God—felt the greatness of his own being. He saw the loftiness of his religious thoughts when compared with those of the Pharisees—he felt his uniqueness. In time he laid claim to being the Messiah spoken of in the 2d Isaiah. But this Messiah was only an anointed man.

4. Early in the life of the new church there entered it one Paul—a great mind. He had never seen Jesus in the flesh, but he said he saw him in vision and heard his voice from heaven. He received his gospel also by revelation. We may therefore expect, and indeed have, in Paul a Christ very different from the man Jesus. We have in Paul the man from heaven—the mediator between God and men. Further we have in some of the so-called Pauline epistles the Christ who emptied himself and became man, the sustainer of the world. But nowhere is very God the Pauline idea.

5. In time Christian schools of philosophy grew up and took kindly to the adulterated Platonism of the time. The greatest of these schools was at Alexandria. Two of the Platonic ideas were the pre-existence of all souls and the existence of something between the great Idea and creation. In Plato this distinction between the Idea and creation is not marked, but in the latter Platonists this something is distinguished for the first cause and is called Reason, Logos, etc.

6. The Christian philosophers in trying to reconcile their theology and philosophy, applied the idea of pre-existence to their Jesus and then made him the Logos. In the beginning was the Logos.

7. But the controversy did not end here. There was danger of having two Gods. Arius wished to avoid this by declaring Christ was not the eternal God, while Athanasius wished to avoid the same error by declaring he was *one* with God. The council of Nice decreed in favor of Athanasius, and Jesus was declared God of God, very God of very God.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

Zeal is only a consequence from a persuasion.—*Dr. Priestley.*

SOCRATES.—I.

The real successor of the Sophists was Socrates. Like them, he held a skeptical attitude towards the physical speculations of the earlier philosophers and turned to ethical inquiry. But to him "man," in the celebrated Protagorean maxim, meant man not in his merely individual aspect, but in his universal nature; man the thinker and the natural participator in the life of his fellow-men. For the rhetoric and false dialectic of the Sophists he sought to substitute scientific method, adequate to fact and universal truth; and for their doctrine of pleasure and utility, the doctrine of inherent justice and happiness. Like the Sophists, he questioned existing beliefs and institutions— theological, ethical, and political—but he sought to discover and preserve their universal character or truth. As to his external methods, neither love of publicity or popular favor, nor ostentation of learning or skill in words, nor any desire to reap pecuniary benefit, had any part in them. In a word, he sought the simple truth; in the spirit of the truth he sought the truth in its own form, universality and accessibility to all intelligence. What Hegel calls the principle of subjectivity was, as introduced and employed by the Sophists, an empty form; to it Socrates gave a definite, rich, and enduring content.

Socrates wrote nothing. What is known of him and his teachings has to be gathered from the writings of Xenophon, Plato, and Aristotle. Owing to the discrepancies between the accounts of Xenophon and Plato, there arises the question as to which of the two gives the more accurate representation of Socrates and his philosophizing. Xenophon's superiority, so far as he possesses any, lies in his evident historical intent. But it has been urged that Xenophon wrote largely as an apologist, that he lacked the speculative insight to appreciate at its full value the Socratic philosophizing, and that he has pictured Socrates, the pattern of manhood, rather than Socrates the speculative inquirer. The Platonic account, on the other hand, though undoubtedly an idealization, is, in the earlier dialogues, sufficiently faithful to external fact, and seems to represent more truly than the Xenophontic the spirit, method, and tendency, if not the outward doctrines and circumstances, of the Socratic philosophizing. At all events, the student who is especially interested in the continuity and development of Greek philosophy, will derive, with reference to Socrates, more satisfaction from Plato than from Xenophon.

Socrates was born near Athens about the year 469 B.C., his parents being Sophroniscus, a sculptor, and Phænarete, a midwife. Of his early years nothing seems to be known, except that he must have received the usual training in gymnastics, poetry, and music. He taught himself geometry and astronomy, and he doubtless heard the lectures of some of the Sophists, with whom, probably, he now and then measured dialectical swords. It seems likely that with some assistance or instruction from others he made a special study of the Pythagoreans, the Eleatics, Heraclitus, and Anaxagoras. If he really did so, he formed

original estimates of them and regarded much of what they had to say as problematical and useless. It is sometimes said that he followed for a while his father's occupation, and that a work of his "representing the Graces attired was standing at the entrance to the Acropolis" as late as 150 A.D. Not long after he was thirty years of age he entered upon what he regarded as a divine mission, that of seeker of wisdom and searcher of men. He claimed to know only his own ignorance and to be, not a teacher, but an intellectual midwife. In this vocation he spent most of the remaining forty years of his life, and instead of travelling extensively as did most of his predecessors and of affecting a learned cosmopolitanism as did some of the Sophists, he remained in Athens the whole time, with the exception of three or four intervals when he was off on a holiday trip or away with the army. His astonishing indifference to hardship while he was in the army, his bravery, his self-forgetfulness, his sagacity, and withal his periods of rapt meditation, are unforgettable. Public office he cared less for than did any of his predecessors in philosophy, and held it only once, and then not till near the close of his life, and only from a sense of duty. Once when in office, and again when a private citizen, he defied tyranny by refusing to violate at its bidding the law of the State. Standing aloof from political affairs, he kept firmly, and, as he thought, patriotically to his calling; and in the pursuit of this he was to be found in the workshops, the gymnasia, the market place, conversing with boys, men, and women of all sorts, asking keen, hard questions, and starting the blood of true moral and intellectual life. He was almost as little concerned about family as about state affairs, and if Xanthippe was the scold tradition represents her to have been, she certainly had reason for so being. Socrates was, in fact, so absorbed in his calling that he neglected to provide not only for his family, but for himself. It was almost food and raiment to him to probe the conceit and ignorance of men, to search their consciences, to warm and expand their shriveled individualities; in short, to awaken them to the life of self-consciousness. In doing this he made them, now his friends and advisers, now his bitter enemies, but always, in spite of themselves, his pupils. It was no part of his business to fill the ears of men with a specious wisdom, and to send them away self-complacent and ready to seem wise for a price; it was not primarily his business to inform those with whom he conversed, but to render them thoughtful, critical, and even skeptical. To this business he adhered pertinaciously for forty years. He became an object of ridicule and hatred to the lovers of the old ways and times, and by Aristophanes in his comedy of *The Clouds* was satirized as a Sophist and a charlatan of the worst order. At last certain of the conservatives, weary of hearing themselves and their favorite institutions criticized by Socrates, and by others whom he had encouraged to think for themselves, formally charged him with discarding the national gods, introducing new gods, and corrupting the youth of Athens. His defence was bold and sharply critical, and he was, though by only a small majority of the judges, condemned to be, according

to law, imprisoned, heavily fined, or banished; and when he refused, somewhat haughtily to be sure, to acknowledge any guilt, and claimed, on the contrary, that he ought to be publicly entertained in the Prytaneum, or City Home, as a benefactor to the State, he was by a majority of eighty adjudged worthy of death. He went to prison, and after a delay of thirty days, during which he scornfully refused a proffered opportunity to escape, he suffered the penalty by drinking hemlock. The moral sublimity of his last hours appears from Plato's dialogue *Phædo*.

Of the personality of Socrates, which seemed to satisfy Greek ideas of completeness and symmetry in every respect but one, namely, the want of harmony between the external homeliness and the internal beauty of the man, we cannot here speak at length.* We would simply call attention to three aspects of it that appear to be closely connected with his doctrines, to have particularly impressed his contemporaries and presented to his followers, according to their various predilections, ideals of mental and moral excellence and practical illustrations of various parts of his teachings, and thus to have influenced greatly the subsequent course of philosophy. Indeed, it is to the character quite as much as to the doctrines of Socrates that we must look for the explanation of the effects of the Socratic philosophizing, and so of the place of Socrates in the history of philosophy.

In the first place, then, we notice his critical insight and keen analytic faculty, which enabled him to understand at a glance and to expose to plain view the inward condition of those about him. It was the pure genius of inquiry directed, not to external things, but to the things of the mind and the conscience. Of its power there is evidence in the fact that it made possible, or, we may say, discovered, two such intellects as Plato and Aristotle, to say nothing of certain profound spirits among the lesser Socratics, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. But, in the second place, we notice his moral health and equipoise, the balance and harmony of strong emotional and animal natures under the control of a superb will. This may be regarded in the light of self-restraint, or that of easy self-possession. Socrates was, as a rule and on principle, moderate, and even abstemious; but he could easily refrain from excess when others could not, and he could far surpass his fellows in convivial indulgence without at all losing his self-control. Socrates, the abstemious, was the ideal of one group of thinkers, one theory of ethics, and Socrates, the easy master of self, the ideal of another. But, in the third place, and finally, there was his "dæmon," or warning voice, and the ever-present consciousness of the supernatural. Of the true nature of this dæmon it is difficult to form an opinion. Socrates himself did not identify it with reason or with conscience. He did not, in other words, attribute to it a scientific character or importance. Nor, on the other hand, does he seem to have viewed it as a famil-

iar spirit, a personality wholly distinct from himself. It was to him, rather, an inner oracle, which, instead of giving him a standard of truth or a rule of life, warned and restrained him; a kind of supernatural tact, exercised about special matters. To the general mission of his life it seems to have been related only in so far as it kept alive the feeling of subjectivity and of close relation to the inner reality of things. It especially held him aloof from public affairs, thus directly contravening the whole spirit of Greek life, and it gave internal significance to what had hitherto been emphatically a matter of external observance, namely, piety and the religious life. In the eyes of his contemporaries he was by it rendered more sacred and spoke with greater authority: in conversing with Socrates they conversed with a seer and a man of God.

B. C. BURT.

The Unity Club.

TEN GREAT NOVELS.

The issue of UNITY for July 16, 1884, containing the correspondence concerning the "TEN GREAT NOVELS," was so promptly exhausted, and we have been so persistently solicited for additional copies, that we have been driven to the necessity of reprinting the entire correspondence, revised and edited to date.

This correspondence has, to our knowledge, already attained the object desired in a much wider way than was anticipated, and we trust that this second publication may carry it into still new hands and stimulate new circles to the reading of the imperishable.

Some seventy different answers have been received and 147 different novels mentioned. The names of the authors have been left out for brevity's sake, but the reader will find them, so far as known, in the list published under "The Vote." The list is arranged in the order of popularity.

THE QUESTION.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10, 1884.

Dear Sir or Madam: I want to recommend to the young people of my "Unity Club" a reading list of TEN GREAT NOVELS, the noblest available to English readers. I am asking eighty or more reading friends for such a list. Will you send me yours? Name no more than ten, those that seem to you the very best in the world's literature. When those in foreign tongues are selected, please suggest the best translation. An early response solicited.

Respectfully yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE VOTE.

THE SCARLET LETTER...39	DAVID COPPERFIELD....28
LES MISERABLES.....39	HENRY ESMOND.....24
ROMOLA.....37	WILHELM MEIST R.....24
ADAM BEDE.....36	UNCLE TOM'S CABIN....24
IVANHOE.....35	ON THE HEIGHTS.....23
Jane Eyre. Brontë.....20	
Tale of Two Cities. Dickens.....20	
The Newcomes. Thackeray.....19	
Heart of Mid-Lothian. Scott.....18	
Vanity Fair. Thackeray.....15	

*The reader is referred to Xenophon's *Memorabilia* (especially at the end), and Plato's *Symposium*. Schwegler's account is brief, comprehensive, and very striking. See his *Hist. of Phil.* (Stirling's translation), pp. 39-41.

Robert Falconer. MacDonald.....	13
Hypatia. Kingsley.....	11
Don Quixote. Cervantes.....	10
The Marble Faun. Hawthorne.....	10
Mill on the Floss. George Eliot.....	10
Consuelo. George Sand.....	9
Middlemarch. George Eliot.....	8
Bleak House. Dickens.....	8
Daniel Deronda. George Eliot.....	8
Last Days of Pompeii. Bulwer.....	7
Corinne. Madame de Stael.....	6
Robinson Crusoe. DeFoe.....	6
Villette. Brontë.....	6
Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith.....	6
Guy Mannering. Scott.....	5
Lorna Doone. Blackmore.....	5
Westward Ho! Kingsley.....	5
Felix Holt. George Eliot.....	4
I Promessi Sposi. Manzoni.....	4
John Halifax, Gentleman. Craik.....	4
Old Mortality. Scott.....	4
Pickwick Papers. Dickens.....	4
Pride and Prejudice. Austen.....	4
Silas Marner. George Eliot.....	4
The Neighbors. Bremer.....	4
Titan. Richter.....	4
The Virginians. Thackeray.....	4
Our Mutual Friend. Dickens.....	4
An Egyptian Princess. Ebers.....	4

Three Votes Each.

The Antiquary, Scott; The Caxtons, Bulwer; The Cloister and the Hearth, Reade; Helen, Edgeworth; Margaret, Judd; The Minister's Wooing, Stowe; Pendennis, Thackeray; Quentin Durward, Scott; Rob Roy, Scott; House of Seven Gables, Hawthorne.

Two Votes Each.

Alton Locke, Kingsley; Cecil Dreeme, Winthrop; Charles Auchester, E. Berger; Clarissa Harlowe, Richardson; Elective Affinities, Goethe; Ekkehard, Scheffel; The Grandisimes, Cable; The Guardian Angel, Holmes; John Brent, Winthrop; John Inglesant, Shorthouse; Liza, Turgénieff; Mansfield Park, Austen; Oliver Twist, Dickens; Put Yourself in his Place, Reade; A Princess of Thule, Black; Sir Charles Grandison, Richardson; Talisman, Scott; Smoke, Turgénieff; Tom Jones, Fielding; Toilers of the Sea, Victor Hugo; Villa on the Rhine, Auerbach; Waverly, Scott; Debit and Credit, Freytag; Arabian Nights.

One Vote Each.

Alec Forbes, MacDonald; Avis, Phelps; The Abbot, Scott; Albert Savarus, Balzac; Au Bonheur des Dames; Belinda, Edgeworth; One of the Barchester Set; Castle Daly, Annie Keary; Cranford, Mrs. Gaskell; Cupid and Psyche, Apuleius; David Elginbrod, MacDonald; Denis Duval, Thackeray; Fathers and Sons, Turgénieff; Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, Richter; Far from the Madding Crowd, Hardy; The Gladiators, Whyte Melvil; Gil Blas, Le Sage; Godolphin, Bulwer; Good Luck, Reade; Gulliver's Travels, Swift; Great Expectations, Dickens; Hammer and Anvil, Spielhagen; Hesperus, Richter; Humphrey Clinker, Smollett; Kenilworth, Scott; Last Chronicles of Barsetshire, Trollope; Les Maitres Mosaistes; La Famille de Germande, George Sand; Le Juif Errant, Sue; Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre, Feuillet; Life for a Life, Craik; Love me Little, Love me Long, Reade; Mary Barton, Gaskell; Maid of Athens, Justin McCarthy; Martin Chuzzlewit, Dickens; The Man Who Laughs, Victor Hugo; A Modern Instance, How-

ells; My Novel, Bulwer; The Nabob, Daudet; North and South, Gaskell; Nicholas Nickleby, Dickens; The Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens; The Perpetual Curate, Oliphant; Pathfinder, Cooper; Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan; Peg Woffington, Reade; Portrait of a Lady, James; Puck, Ouida; Quintus Fixlein, Richter; Quits, Tautphoeus; Recherche de l'Absolu, Balzac; Ruth, Gaskell; Ravenshoe, Kingsley; Shadow of the Cross, Buchanan; Synnove Solbaken, Bjornsen; Schöenberg Cotta Family; Septimius Felton, Hawthorne; Telemachus, Fenelon; Tom Brown at Oxford, Hughes; The Three Guardsmen, Dumas; Ten Thousand a Year, Warren; The Wandering Jew, Sue; The Warden, Trollope; Zenobia, Ware; Nille Mari, Jeffreys; Ninety Three, Victor Hugo; The Ideal Attained, Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham.

THE LETTERS.

ANONYMOUS. In answer to your request for lists of ten best novels please accept the following from a lover of good novels: Pride and Prejudice, Waverly, The Neighbors, The Newcomes, Adam Bede, Lorna Doone, Nicholas Nickleby, The Scarlet Letter, Jane Eyre, Quits.

EMMA S. ADAMS, Chicago: If I were to write the names of the ten novels I most enjoyed reading, it would be an easier task; but I suppose a *great* novel should be not only artistic as a novel, but inspiring in the lessons that it teaches; so that throws out of the list novels like Miss Austen's, much as I admire them. As for novels in other languages, I can only speak of French and German ones, and I do not think they compare favorably with our own, even those of Victor Hugo and Ebers. I am even doubtful of including any of Dickens' as *great* novels, though I have decided on admitting one. I have avoided giving more than one novel by any one writer, or else I fear I should not have gone beyond Thackeray and George Eliot. Ivanhoe, Henry Esmond, Romola, Lorna Doone, The Cloister and the Hearth, Amyas Leigh, The Shadow of the Cross, Last Chronicles of Barset, The Perpetual Curate, David Copperfield.

REV. J. H. ALLEN, Cambridge, Mass.: It depends on which you take of three points of view—literary, ethical, or psychological—meaning by the last a study of the author's mind. The second is the simplest and perhaps what you mean. In any case for a class advanced enough, I should wish to take one or more conspicuous and characteristic examples from each of several languages and writers, say I Promessi Sposi in Italian, Auf der Höhe in German, and in French Balzac's Curé de Campagne, or George Sand's Maitre Laurens. But I should suppose that for your course, English novelists of the last thirty years was quite wide sweep enough, and I should certainly wish to include specimens of writers that wouldn't exactly come up to the mark of "noble"—such as Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Reade, and Blackmore; thus I should quite prefer Lorna Doone to Daniel Deronda, and The Last Chronicle of Barset to Les Misérables, if one wants either a natural or wholesome picture of life. But it's a dangerous sea to navigate in, if one wants to save his critical reputation and sanity from wreck. If I were going to take such a course I should be likely to include—off-hand and at a venture—Romola, Vanity Fair, Bleak House, One of the "Barchester" Set, Put Yourself in His Place, Caxtons, Seven Gables, Villette, I Promessi Sposi, Auf der Höhe; but I might change half of these to-morrow; at all events, substitute Consuelo for one of them, and should try to get in something of Balzac and Turgénieff. You see I go for variety and the widest study of life.

PROF. WILLIAM F. ALLEN, University of Wisconsin, Madison: I should have sent my list sooner, but found it difficult to decide upon the two last. I debated the claims of the Scarlet Letter, John Inglesant, Geoffrey Hamlin, etc.

Guy Mannering, David Copperfield, The Newcomes, Alec Forbes, A Princess of Thule, Lorna Doone, Amyas Leigh, Adam Bede, The Cloister and the Hearth, The Grandissimes.

MRS. ISABEL C. BARROWS, Boston: I Promessi Sposi, Wilhelm Meister, On the Heights, Hammer and Anvil, Les Maitres Mosaistes, Don Quixote, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and do let me throw in Christie Johnstone.

DR. C. A. BARTOL, of Boston: Wilhelm Meister, Elective Affinities, Antiquary, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Balzac's Recherche de l' Absolu, a wonderful book.

REV. GEORGE BATCHELOR, Chicago: Ivanhoe, Talisman, Romola, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Pickwick, Les Miserables, The Newcomes.

SUSIE B. BEALS, St. Paul: It has been hard work to keep to ten, but I send them, not in order as to my liking, but somewhat as regards time in which they were written, and, as you said, for young people. Ivanhoe, Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Caxtons, The Newcomes, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tale of Two Cities, Les Miserables (translated by Charles E. Wilbur), Middlemarch, Romola, Daniel Deronda.

MISS BISSELL, South Bend Public Schools, Ind.: The Scarlet Letter, Mill on the Floss, Vanity Fair, Our Mutual Friend, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Smoke, Daniel Deronda, Tale of Two Cities, Ninety-Three, Ivanhoe.

MRS. J. K. BOYSEN, Chicago: I herein enclose my list of ten novels. These have been chosen not so much for their literary merit as for their *moral bearings*. To me a novel must portray real character and real social, political, or domestic problems to be interesting; it must deal with characters,—their growth and susceptibilities. That hand which can most skillfully direct the nerves of the mind and show most forcibly the unconscious play and influence of environment upon our mental growth,—that hand to me is the greatest, and I need hardly say that in this particular George Eliot stands peerless. The character of Tito Melema in "Romola" is a never-ending study. The key of the book is found in the one sentence, "*We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually develops character.*" Therein, it seems to me, lies the key of our own moral growth. There are several works, such as "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" (Mrs. Whitney), "Hedged In" (Miss Phelps), and "Old-Fashioned Girl" (Miss Alcott), that I consider healthful and morally stimulating for young people to read; but they cannot, strictly speaking, be called novels, I suppose. Let me call your attention to the last work in my list. It is very simple and pure, but I am told it is an excellent portrayal of Norse peasant life. Romola, Middlemarch, Vanity Fair, Newcomes, On the Heights, A Princess of Thule, The Guardian Angel, A Modern Instance, Avis, Synnove Solbaken.

MRS. E. L. BROWNE, Hyde Park, Ill.: How could you be so cruel as to ask only ten of my friends for admission to your Unity Club, while the rest have to be left to the obscurity of the book-shelves? I have not been quite true to myself in this list, as not all of George Eliot's novels are down. Romola, Adam Bede, Corinne, On the Heights, The Scarlet Letter, Henry Esmond, John Inglesant, Consuelo, Les Miserables.

MRS. B. R. B. LKELEY, Concord, Mass.: Romola, Wilhelm Meister, Clarissa Harlow, Quentin Durward, Hypatia, Jane Eyre, Consuelo, Scarlet Letter, Tale of Two Cities, Henry Esmond.

MRS. E. L. BULLARD, Manchester, Mass.: Your list is a very hard one to make out. I enjoy and think your young people had better read many a book which is not "great and noble." Half the definition would cover a deal of English fiction—for instance, I think Jane Eyre and Vanity Fair

great books, but to my mind neither is noble. The enclosed list is the best I can make, but it does not justly represent my opinions. Helen, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Henry Esmond, Mary Barton, Romola, Ravenshoe, David Copperfield, Villette, Adam Bede, Nille Mori.

REV. H. BERNARD CARPENTER, Boston: As far as I can form a judgment in behalf of others, I have appended the names of those novels I would recommend. Perhaps the list would be much modified if I had read the books this year or even within the last five years. Ivanhoe, Last Days of Pompeii, Egyptian Princess, Cupid and Psyche, (Apuleius), The Gladiator (Whyte Melvil), Les Miserables, Hesperus, Romola, The Wandering Jew, Don Quixote, The Pathfinder, Robinson Crusoe.

W. H. CARRUTH, of Kansas State University, Lawrence, Kans.: Les Miserables, On the Heights, Bleak House, Hypatia, Tale of Two Cities, Jane Eyre, The Man Who Laughs, John Brent, The Abbot, Robert Falconer.

MRS. W. H. CARRUTH, Lawrence, Kans.: Les Miserables, On the Heights, Tale of Two Cities, Bleak House, Hypatia, John Brent, Marble Faun, Ivanhoe, John Halifax, Robert Falconer.

REV. JOHN CHADWICK, Brooklyn, N. Y.: A list of my personal preferences might be somewhat different, but it might include too many from one author. Esmond, Jane Eyre, Romola, Adam Bede, Heart of Mid-Lothian, On the Heights (Tauchnitz ed.), Les Miserables (Carlton's ed. is poorly translated, but I do not know any better), Scarlet Letter, The Grandissimes, Portrait of a Lady.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, of Boston: Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Vicar of Wakefield, Henry Esmond, Ivanhoe, Charles Reade's Love Me Little Love Me Long, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Wilhelm Meister, La Famille de Germande, Silas Marner.

JAMES COLEGROVE, Chicago: Les Miserables, Adam Bede, Middlemarch, Jane Eyre, Romola, Henry Esmond, Daniel Deronda, Uncle Tom, Mill on the Floss, David Copperfield. A good novel, and for some young people as good as any of the above, though not a powerful one, is "An Old Story of my Farming Days," by Fritz Reuter, one I would in every way recommend to be read.

ROBERT COLLYER, of New York: Heart of Mid-Lothian, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, John Halifax, Gentleman, Henry Esmond, Ruth, Jane Eyre, Clarissa Harlowe, Scarlet Letter, Robert Falconer.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE, West Dedham, Mass.: My list is made up of great novels without regard to the moral element you seem to wish to include, and even then I believe it is preferable to that you print. No novel on my list falls short of Wilhelm Meister in this direction; even Tom Jones is more moral, though not so modern and thought-provoking a book. As a piece of literary art, it surpasses any on your list. How can you leave out Don Quixote? Don Quixote, Les Miserables, Wilhelm Meister, Robinson Crusoe, Telemachus, Tom Jones, Vicar of Wakefield, Gil Blas, Old Mortality, Corinne.

MISS LUCRETIA CROCKER, of the Boston Public Schools: Your request is not easily complied with, for one hesitates to place even *ten* books as "the very best in the world's literature." After half a dozen that could not be omitted from such a list, the number of good stories, good for different reasons, multiplies so rapidly that it is difficult to select any one in preference to a dozen others, except as one has regard to the requirement of particular readers. What I should specially select for one young person I should not give to another. Thackeray, for instance, has a bitterness and a satirical or cynical flavor I would not give to many young people; and yet, not to include him seems almost like excluding an English classic. Again, descriptions of daily life in dif-

ferent localities, as Miss Bremer's "Neighbors," "Quits" and other German tales; middle-age pictures of knights, armor, etc., in which G. P. R. James excels; Cooper's tales of Indian life; fiction founded on the progressive ideas of this and earlier times, as Old Ma'mselle's Secret, Schönberg Cotta Family, etc.; books of purely dramatic interest, as Wilkie Collins' Moonstone, etc.; home life and development of to-day, as in Faith Gartney,—all these and many others crowd upon the thoughts. These are reasons why you give a hard task; but as you say, "name no more than ten," I send a list, not committing myself to stand by it should a similar decision be attempted again, after a little time. Ivanhoe, My Novel, Romola, Helen, Martin Chuzzlewit, Zenobia, the Marble Faun, The Schönberg Cotta Family, The Neighbors, Debit and Credit.

PROF. THOMAS DAVIDSON, Boston: Ekkehard (translation), I Promessi Sposi (translation), Romola, Felix Holt, Au Bonheur des Dames (translation), Wilhelm Meister (translation), Peg Woffington, Corinne, Ivanhoe, Heart of Mid-Lothian.

C. F. DOLE, Jamaica Plains, Mass.: I am not at all sure that if I were to be asked for the ten *greatest* novels I should make the same list in all respects as when asked for the ten which are the *noblest*. Tom Brown, for example, seems to me a very noble story, but whether it is one of the greatest I am not sure; nor again, whether The Marble Faun, which is great, is also noble enough. Adam Bede, Ivanhoe, Hypatia, Tale of Two Cities, The Newcomes, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tom Brown at Oxford, Les Misérables, Romola, The Marble Faun.

PROF. C. C. EVERETT, Dean of the Cambridge Divinity School: Antiquary, Middlemarch, Mill on the Floss, Adam Bede, Newcomes, Vanity Fair, Castle Daly, The Warden, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter.

MRS. SUSIE D. FOLLANSBEE, Chicago: For me these novels are the *great* ones, but I would like to say that there are some among them that I should not think it wise to give to the average young person: Wilhelm Meister, Les Misérables, On the Heights, Romola, Felix Holt, Vanity Fair, Bleak House, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Cecil Dreeme.

MISS PHOEBE FORT, Elkhart Public Schools, Ind.: Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Scarlet Letter, Mill on the Floss, Romola, Bleak House, Quentin Durward, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tale of Two Cities, The Last Days of Pompeii, Adam Bede.

PROF. J. C. FREEMAN, Professor of English Literature at State University, Madison, Wis.: What a high Calvinist you are! "Only ten" admitted to the heaven of your elect. Among the partisans of the hustled-out there will be what weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! I am of course inclined to put down novels marking epochs in the development of the novel. I made a dash at it and my list was twenty-five. Another, and got sixteen. I strike off six. "The noblest," eh? Then Tom Jones will have to go, in some respects, perhaps, the most perfect novel of them all. Kenilworth will have to go too—no character in it as *noble* as Jeanie Deans. There is dear old Pickwick—he is not noble of course, but we couldn't get on without him; and Copperfield—why Copperfield? On account of Agnes, the salt of the earth. The Vicar of Wakefield, Last Days of Pompeii, Heart of Mid-Lothian, David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Henry Esmond, Romola, House of Seven Gables, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Robert Falconer.

W. E. FURNESS, Esq., Chicago: Old Mortality, Henry Esmond, Westward Ho, Sir Charles Grandison, A Tale of Two Cities, Felix Holt, The Scarlet Letter, The Last Days of Pompeii, The Cloister and the Hearth, Mansfield Park.

MISS ELLA A. GILES, Madison, Wis.: Nearly five years' experience in a free public library has impaired my critical

faculties. The real demand, in a large majority of cases, being for "something new," and the old and standard works being so often rejected, if not despised, has caused me to be somewhat skeptical when people furnish lists of those books only which it sounds well to call "the best." There is much literary superstition, bigotry and narrowness in this matter of fiction. May there not also be some insincerity, hesitation to give an opinion lest it conflict with popular ideas, etc.? Some people approve Ouida's novels far more highly than they own. Others, who object to them most strongly, have never read them. While her books deserve some of the censure they get, there is, I think, more prejudice afloat than should exist among the really intelligent.

But here is my list: Villa on the Rhine, Last Days of Pompeii, Daniel Deronda, Puck, David Copperfield, Put Yourself in His Place, Les Misérables, Vanity Fair, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Jane Eyre.

N. P. GILMAN, Wayland, Mass.: Romola, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, The Newcomes, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Don Quixote, Scarlet Letter, Quintus Fixlein, Mansfield Park, The Guardian Angel.

MISS E. E. GORDON, Humboldt, Iowa: Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Daniel Deronda, Middlemarch, The Scarlet Letter, The Marble Faun, Vanity Fair, On the Heights, Our Mutual Friend, David Elginbrod.

SAMUEL S. GREELEY, Esq., Chicago: Consuelo, Romola, The Virginians, Tale of Two Cities, Le Juif Errant, The Newcomes, Wilhelm Meister, Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, Alton Locke, Margaret.

MRS. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD, Columbus, Wis.: Should have liked to put in all the rest of George Eliot and the most of Dickens and Thackeray. Scott was never a favorite with me. Romola, Adam Bede, Middlemarch, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Tale of Two Cities, Vanity Fair, Ivanhoe, Les Misérables, Wilhelm Meister.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Boston: With regard to the first of these there is, I think, no question. Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Jane Eyre, A Tale of Two Cities, The Arabian Nights, The Newcomes. I should consider the education of any young person neglected till he had read these carefully. On the other hand whoever has wholly learned what these could teach has little left to learn of the first importance. To make up your ten I will add Ivanhoe, Romola, Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice, Dumas' Three Guardsmen. The last simply to show the value of pure narrative.

PROF. W. T. HARRIS, Concord, Mass.: I would name the following, after much hesitation in regard to the extent of meaning which the term "novel" may have properly. I think that Walter Scott alone could furnish the ten greatest novels, and perhaps twenty that are greater than any others. If one is to name, however, only ten they should furnish the point of view (Welt-Anschauung, as the Germans call it) of as many individualities as possible. I have accordingly named the following (excluding, reluctantly, Ivanhoe, Villa on the Rhine, and Don Quixote): Wilhelm Meister (Carlyle's translation, supplemented by Bell's translation of the *Travels*, in Bohn's Library, complete), Vicar of Wakefield, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Rob Roy, Marble Faun, Consuelo and sequel, Romola, Les Misérables, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe.

DR. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, Cambridge, Mass.: Your request to name ten of the best novels, or ten great novels, is not easy to comply with. There are different types of novels, which are incommensurable, and under some of the types a dozen which are equally good. I will name the ten which first occur to me. Sir Charles Grandison, The Vicar of Wakefield, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Ivanhoe, Godolphin, Belinda. I do not name Don Quixote or Gil Blas, which are great works, but not what is commonly understood by a novel. Tom

Jones and Peregrine Pickle are great among English classics, but not to be recommended to young people. Manzoni's *Betrothed*, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and his *Elective Affinities* are among the greatest, but not easily accessible to English readers. I have not named Thackeray's or George Eliot's, or "*Jane Eyre*," because, although they possess great merit, I do not account them quite equal to those which I have specified. I should certainly mention Mrs. Ferrier's *Inheritance* and Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* had you not restricted my choice to ten. Some of Trollope's, especially "*The Duke's Children*," I omit for the same reason.

MRS. H. M. HISCOCK, Denver, Colo.: I am greatly obliged for the *Ten Great Novels*' interest. I read them all so long ago it is a pleasant reminiscence, and has already resulted in arranging to re-read *Wilhelm Meister* with a delightful friend. I should have put *Les Misérables* first and should not have defined its chief merits as "French life in the lower ranks," but the *power of conscience*, for the mental struggles of Jean Valjean were to me the most wonderful portions of the book. I think I should have included some of *Plato's Dialogues*, for I know nothing richer. I laughed aloud to myself this morning over Theactitus.

MRS. ISRAEL HOLMES, Chicago: *Wilhelm Meister*, *Les Misérables*, *Hypatia*, *Daniel Deronda*, *Felix Holt*, *Ten Thousand a Year*, *Scarlet Letter*, *On the Heights*, *Vanity Fair*, *Jane Eyre*.

PROF. J. K. HOSMER, Professor of German Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.: *Henry Esmond*, *Adam Bede*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Elective Affinities*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *Les Misérables*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*.

MISS GRACE HOWE, Kenosha, Wis.: I send you the following list of novels, not because I think them the best in every case, but the best for such a purpose. If I were to choose the best, I should take three or four of Thackeray's and certainly three of Dickens' as the best novels I ever read; but for such a list as you want, more variety is desirable. I think to this list should be added one of George Sand's, but as I never read one I cannot tell. *Henry Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *David Copperfield*, *Adam Bede*, *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Guy Mannering*, *Villette*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Les Misérables*.

MRS. SARA A. HUBBARD, Chicago: I do not like to say of any list I might make that they are the best novels in the world's literature. That would require a far wider and more studious reading of fiction than I have done. My favorites among novels in the English tongue are as follows: *Jane Eyre*, *John Halifax*, *Gentleman*, *Vanity Fair*, *David Copperfield*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Adam Bede*, *Ivanhoe*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*. These are not set down in the order of preference, but rather as they occur to me. I hesitated much over the last two, for the choice is difficult.

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REV. J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis: The justice and worth of any one's decision depends upon many conditions, of course; but in case of any one who deserves to be consulted as to the *best ten novels*, I think he ought to accompany his choice with a statement of the novels *he hasn't read*. I will send ten, and I will send other ten, a list in print, in which selection (made up in this city) I did my fractional part. See *Public School Library Bulletin*. But in spite of your saying "only ten" I will name a few that I haven't read, as possibly the reason why they could and should not appear in the requested list. I haven't read *Consuelo*, *Adam Bede*, *Pendennis*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Quentin Durward*, *My Novel*, *Dr. Antonio*, *Scarlet Letter*, *Count of Monte Christo*, *Wandering Jew*. A list which I suspect is nearly as good, in some instances better, than the one I send on the next page. *The Newcomes*, *Romola*, *Mill on the Floss*, *Kenilworth*, *Les Misérables*, *On the Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, *Marble Faun*, *David Copperfield*, *Charles Auchester*.

MISS MARY THORN LEWIS, President of the New Century Club, Philadelphia: *Henry Esmond*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Cranford*, *Adam Bede*, *John Inglesant*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Helen*, *Liza*, *Lorna Doone*.

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H. M. SIMMONS, Minneapolis: Don't ask me about "novels" or "philosophy," for I don't know a thing about either. Take this bit however: A lady in Kenosha the other day told me of asking a cultivated German what was the best novel in his own literature, and he answered without the least hesitation, "Ekkehard." She was reading it with much delight. Her copy was in German, but I suppose it must be translated, and that is all I know about it.

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J. T. SUNDRELAND, Ann Arbor, Mich.: You ask me to make out a list of what I conceive to be the ten greatest novels of the world. This is harder to do than it otherwise would be, because you do not indicate by what standard you

would have them measured—that of their literary merits, that of their moral purpose, that of their fame, or that of their influence. In making out my list I am guided somewhat by all four standards, the superiority of some of the novels named being of one kind and that of others of other kinds. The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Adam Bede, Pendennis, Pickwick Papers, Ivanhoe, Robert Falconer, Don Quixote, Wilhelm Meister, Corinne.

HARRIET S. TOLMAN, Boston: Your note has led to an interesting discussion with some of my friends. They agree with me that your question is not easily answered. It is hard to sift the number of valuable novels to just ten, and sometimes sacrifices have to be made because of a want in a high degree of one or the other of the two qualifications which are necessary to full greatness—artistic excellence, and the power of exciting noble aspirations or conceptions of life. I should like to send you a list of "second choices"—this seems so cruelly exclusive—but forbear, according to directions. Perhaps I ought to add that my list has been modified by the opinions of the friends with whom I talked. Adam Bede, Romola, The Newcomes, Henry Esmond, Les Misérables, John Halifax, The Scarlet Letter, David Copperfield, Villette, Ivanhoe. If authors are not to be repeated, omit Romola and Henry Esmond and insert Consuelo and On the Heights.

MRS. AGATHA TUNIS, Quincy, Ill.: Wilhelm Meister, Don Quixote, Les Misérables, Henry Esmond, Tale of Two Cities, Mill on the Floss, Adam Bede, The Scarlet Letter, Lorna Doone. Smoke is not, in my opinion, one of the "noblest available to English readers," but in a representative list I cannot leave Turgénieff out.

MRS. E. A. WEST, Chicago: Ivanhoe, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Vanity Fair, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Scarlet Letter, Les Misérables, On the Heights, Titan, The Maid of Athens. The last is great only because of the great comfort furnished the reader by the pleasant pages. On the Heights and The Scarlet Letter are great because of the great discomfort they furnish, and I think should never be read if healthy literature is obtainable.

DR. SAMUEL WILLARD, Chicago: Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Last Days of Pompeii, House of Seven Gables, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Quentin Durward, The Newcomes, Jane Eyre, Adam Bede, The Arabian Nights, David Copperfield. My personal preferences, the books that I am willing to read over and over, are: Quentin Durward, Anne of Geierstein, Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Scarlet Letter, What Will He Do With It? The Last Days of Pompeii, All in a Garden Fair, David Copperfield, Nick of the Woods, and Adam Bede.

MRS. ALICE L. WILLIAMS, Chicago: Ivanhoe, The Caxtons, Wilhelm Meister, Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Jane Eyre, Our Mutual Friend, Vanity Fair, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

MRS. CELIA P. WOOLLEY, Chicago: I have avoided, in the preparation of this list, mentioning more than one work of a single author. It is a question whether, if I had done otherwise, one or two more of George Eliot's might not replace those of Scott and Dickens. Wilhelm Meister, On the Heights, Les Misérables, Consuelo, Adam Bede, Jane Eyre, Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

MRS. VILLA A. WRIGHT, Minneapolis, Minn.: I asked the members of the Biographical Club for their opinion and give it in part. The Scarlet Letter, Adam Bede, Hypatia, Vanity Fair, Tale of Two Cities, Ivanhoe, Les Misérables, Titan (Charles J. Brooks, translator), Consuelo (Francis G. Shaw, translator), Good Luck (Frances A. Shaw) translator, now living in Minneapolis).

PROF. J. C. ZACHOS, Curator of the Cooper Institute, N. Y.: I send you, according to the request of your circular,

Jones and Peregrine Pickle are great among English classics, but not to be recommended to young people. Manzoni's *Betrothed*, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and his *Elective Affinities* are among the greatest, but not easily accessible to English readers. I have not named Thackeray's or George Eliot's, or "*Jane Eyre*," because, although they possess great merit, I do not account them quite equal to those which I have specified. I should certainly mention Mrs. Ferrier's *Inheritance* and Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* had you not restricted my choice to ten. Some of Trollope's, especially "*The Duke's Children*," I omit for the same reason.

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J. T. SUNDRELAND, Ann Arbor, Mich.: You ask me to make out a list of what I conceive to be the ten greatest novels of the world. This is harder to do than it otherwise would be, because you do not indicate by what standard you

would have them measured—that of their literary merits, that of their moral purpose, that of their fame, or that of their influence. In making out my list I am guided somewhat by all four standards, the superiority of some of the novels named being of one kind and that of others of other kinds. The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Adam Bede, Pendennis, Pickwick Papers, Ivanhoe, Robert Falconer, Don Quixote, Wilhelm Meister, Corinne.

HARRIET S. TOLMAN, Boston: Your note has led to an interesting discussion with some of my friends. They agree with me that your question is not easily answered. It is hard to sift the number of valuable novels to just ten, and sometimes sacrifices have to be made because of a want in a high degree of one or the other of the two qualifications which are necessary to full greatness—artistic excellence, and the power of exciting noble aspirations or conceptions of life. I should like to send you a list of "second choices"—this seems so cruelly exclusive—but forbear, according to directions. Perhaps I ought to add that my list has been modified by the opinions of the friends with whom I talked. Adam Bede, Romola, The Newcomes, Henry Esmond, Les Misérables, John Halifax, The Scarlet Letter, David Copperfield, Villette, Ivanhoe. If authors are not to be repeated, omit Romola and Henry Esmond and insert Consuelo and On the Heights.

MRS. AGATHA TUNIS, Quincy, Ill.: Wilhelm Meister, Don Quixote, Les Misérables, Henry Esmond, Tale of Two Cities, Mill on the Floss, Adam Bede, The Scarlet Letter, Lorna Doone. Smoke is not, in my opinion, one of the "noblest available to English readers," but in a representative list I cannot leave Turgénieff out.

MRS. E. A. WEST, Chicago: Ivanhoe, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Vanity Fair, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Scarlet Letter, Les Misérables, On the Heights, Titan, The Maid of Athens. The last is great only because of the great comfort furnished the reader by the pleasant pages. On the Heights and The Scarlet Letter are great because of the great discomfort they furnish, and I think should never be read if healthy literature is obtainable.

DR. SAMUEL WILLARD, Chicago: Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Last Days of Pompeii, House of Seven Gables, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Quentin Durward, The Newcomes, Jane Eyre, Adam Bede, The Arabian Nights, David Copperfield. My personal preferences, the books that I am willing to read over and over, are: Quentin Durward, Anne of Geierstein, Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Scarlet Letter, What Will He Do With It? The Last Days of Pompeii, All in a Garden Fair, David Copperfield, Nick of the Woods, and Adam Bede.

MRS. ALICE L. WILLIAMS, Chicago: Ivanhoe, The Caxtons, Wilhelm Meister, Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Jane Eyre, Our Mutual Friend, Vanity Fair, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

MRS. CELIA P. WOOLLEY, Chicago: I have avoided, in the preparation of this list, mentioning more than one work of a single author. It is a question whether, if I had done otherwise, one or two more of George Eliot's might not replace those of Scott and Dickens. Wilhelm Meister, On the Heights, Les Misérables, Consuelo, Adam Bede, Jane Eyre, Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

MRS. VILLA A. WRIGHT, Minneapolis, Minn.: I asked the members of the Biographical Club for their opinion and give it in part. The Scarlet Letter, Adam Bede, Hypatia, Vanity Fair, Tale of Two Cities, Ivanhoe, Les Misérables, Titan (Charles J. Brooks, translator), Consuelo (Francis G. Shaw, translator), Good Luck (Frances A. Shaw) translator, now living in Minneapolis).

PROF. J. C. ZACHOS, Curator of the Cooper Institute, N. Y.: I send you, according to the request of your circular,

the titles of ten novels, such as, perhaps, might take position among the best in the world;—although this is *largely a matter of private judgment*. In the novels of all nations we shall find the best delineation of the social and even the political life of man—his manners and customs, his thoughts and feelings, in every age and nationality. The novel, therefore, *well selected*, becomes a source of instruction to youth. Here, then, are ten novels that cover a wide range of history in the social development of man, as well as stand high in the literature of nations:

1. *Ivanhoe*. England in Mediæval times.
2. *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Social life in the days of the Roman Empire.
3. *Jane Eyre*. An analytic description of English home life.
4. *Pickwick*. The country life, manners and eccentricities of the English people.
5. *Vanity Fair*. Analytic of English manners and character.
6. *Les Misérables*. French life in the lower ranks.
7. *Don Quixote*. Spanish life in the 16th Century.
8. *Consuelo*. The aspiration for reform in the social and political life of Europe.
9. *Adam Bede*. Human life, tried by great standards.
10. *The Egyptian Princess*. The ancient life of Egypt and the Far East.

Correspondence.

WESTERN CONFERENCE FINANCES.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I desire to call the attention of the churches of the Western Conference to the statement of our Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Shippen, found on another page, setting forth the receipts of the Conference since May last, and our present needs. Nine months of the current Conference year are now gone, and considerably less than one half the sum required to defray the year's expenses is yet received. Indeed, only eleven out of the about forty churches from which contributions are expected, have up to this time sent in their apportionments. Bills are accumulating at the headquarters office unpaid. Only three months more remain before May. It is important that societies which are in arrears do two things, viz.: (1) Send in their contributions as early as possible, to relieve embarrassment at the central office, and (2) make their contributions as *large* as possible to prevent a serious deficit at the end of the year; for it should be borne in mind that the Conference has assumed considerably heavier expenses this year than ever before. Brethren of the West, there is no time to lose! Let us each do our full share in this our general work, and let us do it at the earliest practicable moment. Societies whose names do not appear in Mr. Shippen's report have not yet paid.

One thing more. The Conference is now an incorporated organization. In addition to its delegate memberships it offers Annual Memberships based on the payment of \$1 each, and Life Memberships on the payment of \$25 each. Are there not many who will send us their one dollars, and become annual members? And may we not expect a considerable num-

ber of our wealthier friends, yes, and also of friends who are not very wealthy, but who are generous, and believe earnestly in the support of our faith, to send us their twenty-five dollars each and become life members? And will not any who are thinking of anything of this kind remember how near the end of the Conference year we are? Only three months more before May!

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Secretary of Western Conference.

Little Unity.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Nettie Marvin's steps were very quiet as she walked home from school one night with the girls, listening to their gay chatter, and following their excited faces, as they danced and ran to and fro. Not that Nettie was free from the general excitement which seemed to pervade all her mates, for her eyes were large and bright, and her face was glowing with unspoken feeling. But there was that in her eyes which made one feel there was something vaguely sorrowful behind the joy—something which she did not want to see, herself, but which would stay in spite of her. It had been the closing day of school, and the beautiful picture, which had been promised to the scholar who was most perfect in recitations throughout the term, had been given to her own twin sister, Molly. Nettie was very, very glad—she knew Molly deserved it, she was so bright in all her studies—yes, indeed, Molly surely ought to have it. But then it would keep coming into her head how very hard she had tried, herself, to be perfect in her lessons, how much harder she had studied—did all the time in fact—than Molly, and yet when she came to the class to recite somehow it would slip out of her head, and the more she tried to remember the more confused she became. It wasn't so much the loss of the prize that grieved her but her own stupidity as she called it. Surely it was of no use for her to try to be such a fine scholar as she had hoped she might be some day. Molly was so pretty in her ways—not awkward and shy and always saying the wrong thing as she herself was—that everybody admired her, and as Nettie went to her own little room where the rosebush peeped in at the window, she threw her satchel on the bed and laid her head upon her arm, so that a bright rose nestled close to her cheek, and closing her eyes whispered wearily: "I'm a mean, naughty, selfish girl! Why shouldn't Molly have the picture—and I *am* glad, only"—the bright lips quivered, and a little, shiny drop slid quietly down and nestled in the heart of the rose, "I do so wish I was good for something too. Papa is so proud of Molly, and I should think he would be, but there's nothing I can ever do to make them glad over me as they are over sister. I'm only plain little Nettie and that's all I ever shall be I s'pose! There's mamma getting supper. I must go and set the table."

If you had seen her when she ran into the kitchen and said, cheerily—

"I'll do it, mamma," as she found her mother spreading the cloth for tea, you would not have thought the bright tear, still lying in the rose at the window, could have swelled up from the heart behind that pleasant face, such a few minutes ago. Nor would you have thought, as Nettie did, that she was not "good for anything," if you could have seen the smile that came into her mamma's face as Nettie went about her little duties, chatting away in her own homelike fashion. Then she took a little tin pail, and went out into the garden to pick some currants for supper. She found Molly at the bushes before her.

"Come over here, Nettie; they're just as thick and big as can be."

"Mamma says she wants us to pick these bushes clean first," answered Nettie; "she's saving those for when Cousin Annie and Aunt Mary come."

"Oh, you're picking for supper, are you? I thought you only wanted to eat some. I'm as hungry as a bear!"

"Come and eat these, Molly," said patient Nettie, picking away the berries from first one branch and then another, leaving it all clean behind her. "Those aren't so ripe as these—that's the reason mamma left them, because they're late, and the others will be most gone when aunty comes."

"It's too slow picking over there for me when I'm hungry, besides I like 'em sour. I'll come and help you fill your dish pretty soon." But Molly forgot the dish when she had eaten all she wanted, and hearing a very enterprising cackling from the barn she ran to hunt for some eggs, and Nettie didn't see her again till they were all seated about the table at supper. Then there was a great deal of talking and laughing and planning for vacation. Papa advised mamma to take a ride with him after tea. He was going to town, and as her head ached badly from watching the night before, it would quite refresh her.

"I'm afraid I am too tired for even that," mamma said. "I will lie down and rest awhile, and I shall feel better. But you and the children can go," she added, as Molly looked eagerly up at the prospect of a ride.

"Yes, do please, papa," put in Molly; "and mamma, Carrie Hill wants me to stay with her a few days next week; may I? Her mamma said she might ask me. Say, may I? If papa 'll ride up there to-night, I can tell her; shall I?"

"I don't know of anything to prevent," said mamma, putting her hand to her head, as if such a whirl of questions made it dizzy. "You couldn't go before Wednesday, though," she added.

"Well. Oh good! I'm so glad I can go. They have the jolliest kind of times at their house!" and off she went for her hat and a bunch of roses to carry to her friend, while papa went to harness the horse. Molly and Nettie were so different that their mates were seldom the same. Molly always seemed the oldest because she was so forward, and had an answer ready for every one, while Nettie was more a home body.

"Mamma, I don't care much about going to ride,"

said Nettie when the others had left the room. "I can just as well wash up the dishes, and then you can go and lie down now—please, do; you'll feel so much better," and she pulled her mother away to the lounge.

"You'll feel disappointed not to go with the others," said mamma, sinking wearily on the sofa.

"Oh no! I shall not mind! I can go some other time." Mamma drew Nettie's face down to hers and kissed her, saying, "Thank you, dear, I shall be very glad to rest." Nettie shut the door quickly and ran off with a light heart. A half-hour later, when she had finished her work and was out in the yard, she thought she'd just peep in at the window and see if mamma was asleep. She was not and called Nettie to come in and sit with her, and putting one of her little cool hands on her head while she held the other in her own, said, "I don't know what I should do without my little girl—she is such a help to me."

"Am I really, mamma?" cried Nettie with shining eyes.

"Yes, indeed, my darling, you are not only a great help to me, but a comfort besides, and I am proud to see you are getting to be such a womanly little girl, and thoughtful for the comfort of others." Nettie plunged her head down on her mamma's breast and sobbed out, "O mamma, is there really anything I can do that will make you proud of me?"

That last little word and the half-bitter, half-glad sob that accompanied it, told very plainly the trouble of her heart, and mamma answered as she gently stroked her hair, "There is a great deal you are doing every day, dear child, that makes me thankful for such a precious daughter who will if she lives make her papa and mamma just the happiest people that can be, by her loving heart and tender helpfulness."

"But, O mamma," confessed Nettie, still hiding her face, "I never can be smart and pretty like Molly. Everybody likes her so much, and I'm glad they do. But I don't see how it is I make you glad as you say, for I don't do anything particular, except little bits of things about the house—and that isn't anything," she added, quickly, as if ashamed of having mentioned it.

"It is not only what you do, but because you are so willing to do it, that makes me glad, for it shows me that if you are kind and thoughtful of others now in little things, you will, when you grow up, make yourself very helpful in greater ones. We can not all be useful in the same way. We have different talents to work with, so that we may help each other. To Molly God has given a quick, ready mind, and to you a more loving, thoughtful heart. Molly helps you in your studies, and you must try to help her be more generous and gentle to others."

"Then what's the use of my studying so hard if I can never be a fine scholar?"

"Because we must all try to grow both wiser and better. Molly must try and learn to give up her own comfort for that of others sometimes, and you must study to gain what knowledge you can. The more knowledge of both heart and head we can acquire, the more people we can reach and help as we grow older."

UNITY.

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Notes from the Field.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS.—At the January meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, the blasphemy laws were discussed, written reports from the delegates to the American Conference at Saratoga last fall were read, and Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, was elected for the annual sermon in June.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM.—C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y., will be in and around Chicago about the last of this month, lecturing on "Emerson, the American Sage," and other topics. Mr. Mills is one of the most thoughtful men who bring their annual treasures from the east westward. He may be reached by addressing this office.

TRACTS.—A new and third edition of "What do Unitarians Believe?" by Rev. C. W. Wendte, with revised appendices on the Unitarian Church and fellowship has just been published, and may be obtained of the Secretary of the Newport Unitarian Woman's Auxiliary Society. This has proven one of the most useful tools in the "Post-office Mission" service.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.—The pulpit of the Unitarian church has been remodeled with a liberal use of plush drapery and bronze statuary, the effect being—to quote the *Courier* of that city—that "the usual formal surroundings of a church pulpit are entirely removed, and the minister seems to be seated in a charming little parlor, to the threshold of which he advances to greet his friends when he rises to speak."

THE INDIANS.—There are, at present, eighty-one boarding-schools, seventy-six day schools, and six industrial schools, for the education of the Indians, wholly or partially under the control of the government; with two boarding and thirty day schools in

New York, under the laws of that State, and twenty-three schools in charge of religious bodies. These afford an aggregate accommodation for 44,414 Indian boys and girls.

THE HERSHEY HALL LECTURES.—Notwithstanding the forbidding weather, the audiences have gradually increased, and the interest has been growing deeper and deeper in the down-town lectures on Sunday evening. Mr. Jones has announced the following as the second course on Unitarian affirmations:

February 8.—The God I Worship.
February 15.—The Humanity I Belong to.
February 22.—The Jesus I Believe in.
March 1.—The Bible I Revere.
March 8.—The Devil I Hate, and the Hell I Fear.

CHICAGO.—Among the generous wills, which are growing more and more frequent, should be mentioned that of Mrs. Clarissa C. Peck, of this city, who has recently left from four to five hundred thousand dollars for a foundation for a Home for Incurables, ten thousand dollars to the Old People's Home, and smaller sums to various other institutions. This is one way of continuing life's work when life is done. But they who have wealth to administer should remember that life is given them to administer it, and the surest benefactions are not *post mortem*.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—We learn from the *Register* that Rev. J. C. Jaynes of the last class of the Cambridge Divinity School, was installed as pastor of the First Church, on the 28th ult., Revs. C. C. Everett, F. G. Peabody, E. H. Hall, C. F. Russell, A. M. Knapp, and Francis Tiffany taking part in the exercises. UNITY takes pleasure in presenting Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes to our Eastern friends. This is one more indication that the West is slowly awakening to its missionary opportunities, and we still hope that it will some day be willing and able to convert all New England to Unitarianism.

THE CHICAGO WOMEN'S UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION met at Unity Church, January 29, the President, Mrs. West, in the chair. Topic: "Evil Social Tendencies, and how to counteract them." Papers were read by the "Leader," Mrs. Ware, and Dr. Bedell, followed by a discussion. Among the evils named were the danger of the overthrowing of the virtues instilled by the mother, through the thoughtlessness of families in good social standing indulging in polite gambling in their own parlors; in young ladies accepting the company of young men whose morals they know to be questionable; of the active, nervous, energetic American temperament being peculiarly adapted to the adoption of questionable customs introduced from other countries. It was urged that those who stand for character in religion should not hesitate to take high ground against those who are indifferent to these dangers because they are socially of high standing. At the same time we must be careful not to exaggerate our notions of wrong. Natural results must be overcome by natural means. The mother can do nothing for her child that will be such a safeguard as to be strong in the pursuit of right herself. Virtues are trans-

mitted as vices. No good act is ever fruitless. Rev. Mrs. Wilkes, of Dakota, gave a forcible account of some of the evil facts, not tendencies, with which she has had to deal, and put in a plea that much which stands for character on the outside should sink deeper. Truth must have its abiding place in the heart. Adjourned to meet February 26, at the Church of the Messiah. MRS. C. G. THOMAS, Sec'y.

MADISON, WIS.—Rev. J. H. Crooker has begun, in his church, a series of fortnightly Sunday evening meetings of a somewhat unique character. The general form of vespers services is given to them. Short addresses are made by the laity upon various topics connected with the theme: "The Church in Modern Society." On the first Sunday evening Prof. Wm. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin, spoke on "The Church as an Organization." Other topics to be discussed will be: "The Church and Charity in Towns," "The Church and the Children," "The Church and Music," "The Church and Education," "The Church and Amusements," "The Church and Science," "The Church and Reforms," "Woman's Work in the Church," and "The Church and Citizenship."

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—Rev. Enoch Powell is having breezy times at this Capital city. Arrangements were made for a course of three Sunday evening lectures, at the opera house. At the first lecture he discussed the commercial *versus* the religious view of the Atonement. On the Monday morning following, the ministerial association of the place resolved that Mr. Powell was unworthy of a place in their association, and repudiated the doctrines he ascribed to them. This led to war on the platform and in the papers, which resulted in much more interest in Mr. Powell's work, and a larger audience throughout the State, and we doubt not, a mental quickening and conscious probing time all around, and leaves us the old question unanswered as to what is the true interpretation of orthodoxy: the tacit assent to the creeds, or their practical denial of the same. Which have sinned—these men, or their fathers, who have bequeathed to them a creed they have not repudiated, but which they do not believe.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Unitarian ministers of Philadelphia seem to be following out the suggestion made by Mr. Ames, at Saratoga last fall, by giving a course of weekly evening lectures at Media. At a recent lecture delivered by Rev. Joseph May on "The Nature and Ethics of Belief," a Methodist minister in the audience courteously undertook to set the lecturer aright, which gave Mr. May another opportunity to correct both lecture and critic. It is both interesting and profitable to have somebody talk back in meeting, when it is done in good nature.

—On the first of February the First Unitarian Society of Philadelphia met for the last time in the old church that was first occupied in 1828, and the venerable Dr. Furness, in the eighty-second year of his age, preached the sermon. The *Register* tells us that this society was kept together for twenty-nine years by its laymen.

During this administration, which ended in 1825, they built their first church. May the loyalty of the fathers go with them from the old church into the new.

CINCINNATI.—A correspondent writes: Some evidences of the progress "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion" is making and of the rapid decline of churches clinging to the old dogmas, are most visible in the following recent utterances; the first by a well-known Catholic divine, and the second by Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

(1). "Now the God that is misrepresented in John Calvin's theology is not the God of Christianity. The religion of Christ does not teach 'the total depravity' of human nature as the result of original sin; on the contrary it upholds the standard of free will, natural good and natural virtue. The predestination of some to the joys of Heaven without any merit of theirs, and of others to the flames of Hell, without regard to their sins or demerits, is as shocking to right reason as it is contrary to the teaching of revelation." This looks as though the Catholic church, if this teacher speaks for the church, has advanced farther in the cause of rational religion than have our Protestant friends, the Presbyterians; for the Westminster Confession affirms the doctrines of Total Depravity, Election, and Predestination;—all of which are absolutely denied in the above article.

(2). "The Church abides forever; individual churches have no such promise. The only hope of any church is the fact of the truth it possesses and ability to cast out the unsound it inherits. It was important that Calvinism went down—all its great truth could not float its error." As a further local illustration of progress, a few years ago there were in this city seventeen Presbyterian churches; there are now eight. This needs no comment. The figures tell the story.

Announcements.

UNITY will hereafter be issued fortnightly—every other Saturday—instead of semi-monthly as heretofore. The next number will therefore appear under date of March 7 instead of March 1.

To Post-office Mission Workers.

We have on hand a large supply of back numbers of UNITY, many of them containing matter of the highest value for the use of those engaged in the distribution of liberal literature through the mails. To all such we will supply back numbers of the paper post-free at \$1.00 per hundred or \$5.00 per thousand. At this price, which is so low as merely to cover the cost of postage and packing, we cannot undertake to supply particular numbers. Persons ordering should state how many copies of one issue can be used, also which year or years they prefer. We will also furnish back numbers of LITTLE UNITY, which was published from this office from April, 1881 to February, 1883, at the same prices.

A Lady wishes to obtain pupils, either singly or in classes, in English branches, French, German, Latin or music. Studied at the Massachusetts Normal School, as well as privately with eminent teachers in the East, and has had experience in teaching. Can give best references in Boston; in Chicago, refers to Rev. J. Vila Blake, residence 208½ Warren Ave. Address G. C., 725 West Harrison St., Chicago.

Western Unitarian Conference.

FEBRUARY 13, 1885.

EDITOR OF UNITY: Dear Sir—Please announce the following sums received by the Western Unitarian Conference, since May 22, 1884, viz.:

1884.			
May 31.	From Church of the Unity, of Cleveland, O., per Rev. F. L. Hosmer	\$100 00	
June 11.	From Unity Church, St. Paul, per Rev. W. C. Gannett	50 00	
July 21.	From " " " " " "	25 00	
Sept. 1.	From Church of Messiah, of Chicago, per F. A. Fisher, Treas.	350 00	
Oct. 2.	From Western Women's Unitarian Association, contribution for room rent	37 50	
Nov. 10.	From Unity Club, of Muskegon, Mich., per C. Davis, Esq.	10 00	
" 11.	From Unitarian Society at Humboldt, Ia., per Miss M. A. Safford	10 00	
" 11.	From Channing Club of Chicago, per E. Winters, Treas.	224 13	
" 11.	From Unitarian Society at Shelbyville, Ill., per Rev. J. T. Sunderland	10 00	
" 17.	From Unity Church of St. Paul, per Rev. W. C. Gannett	18 50	
" 21.	From Unitarian Society at Marietta, O., per Rev. J. T. Lusk	10 00	
" 22.	From Unitarian Society at St. Joseph, Mo., per J. M. Street, Treas.	20 00	
" 26.	From Unitarian Society at Geneva, Ill., per Rev. T. H. Eddowes, Treas.	10 00	
Dec. 13.	From Unitarian Society at Leavenworth, Kansas, per A. E. Higgins	5 00	
" 22.	From Unity Church of Chicago, per M. Carton, Treas.	300 00	
1885.			
Jan. 13.	From Unitarian Society at Quincy, Ill., per R. S. Benneson	80 00	
" 26.	From Unitarian Society at Leavenworth, Kansas, per W. F. Morgan, Treas.	5 00	
Feb. 12.	From Unitarian Society at Madison, Wis., per Prof. W. F. Allen	25 00	
Total		\$1,290 13	

I would further report that the above amount has been wholly expended; that about \$1,500 more will be required to meet the accruing demands of the financial year ending May 1, 1885; and that it is much desired that contributing societies and friends should collect and remit their respective amounts, in whole or part, with as little delay as possible. Yours truly,

JOSEPH SHIPPEN,

Treasurer Western Unitarian Conference.
59 Portland Block, Chicago, Ill.

Free Lectures upon Unitarianism.

The Secretary of the Western Conference, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, will speak on week evenings, without charge, except for expenses, at places within reasonable distance of Chicago, where there is no Unitarian Church or where he can help the cause of Rational Christianity by so doing, upon the following topics:

1. Channing and the Rise of Unitarianism in America.
2. Theodore Parker and the Development of Unitarianism in America.

3. Emerson as a Moral and Religious Teacher.

4. Darwin: His Life and Work, with especial reference to the effect of his doctrine upon Ethics and Religion.

5. Robert Ingersoll: The Good and the Evil of his Teachings. Something more Rational and more True.

6. Miracles in the Light of To-day.

7. The Bible in the Light of To-day.

8. The Seven Great Sacred Books or Bibles of Mankind.

9. The Better Religion Coming.

10. What is Unitarianism?

Mr. Sunderland can also make a limited number of Sunday engagements. Address, 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Church Building Loan Fund.

I am directed by the trustees to furnish for publication the following facts with regard to the establishment and management of the Church Building Loan Fund.

At the last National Conference, a movement was started looking toward the creation of a fund, to be used in the form of loans to new societies for their assistance in securing a church building. It was thought that many promising beginnings, which flourish for a time in public halls, but fail ultimately because they cannot be carried quite to the point of purchasing for themselves a permanent home, would be saved by timely help applied at just this point. It was believed, also, that in most cases it would be better for new societies to receive help in the form of a loan instead of a gift, and that a fund, which would soon disappear if parceled out in donations, might be kept in existence and maintain a steady usefulness year after year, if given only on condition of its gradual return.

The discussion of this project by the Conference disclosed the fact that the Association was already considering a plan for bringing such a fund into existence. The result was a vote of the Conference requesting the Association to set apart \$25,000 for this purpose, and a pledge from the churches to add \$20,000 to that sum. The collection of this contribution was left with Rev. Brooke Herford, and so many of the churches have responded with amounts beyond their promises that there is good hope of its increase to \$25,000.

The Association promptly fulfilled its part of the work by adopting the recommendation of the Conference. To take charge of the fund thus established, the directors of the Association have elected the following trustees to serve for three years: Mr. Henry P. Kidder, of Boston; Mr. J. Harsen Rhoades, of New York; Mr. Henry W. Putnam, of Boston; Mr. Charles H. Burrage, of Newton, Mass.; Rev. G. Reynolds, of Concord, Mass.; Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Secretary of the Western Conference; Rev. G. A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline, Mass.

The first formal meeting of these trustees was held on January 13, 1885, when the following officers were elected: President, Mr. H. P. Kidder; Secretary, Rev. H. N. Brown; Treasurer, Mr. Charles H. Burrage; Standing Committee, Messrs. Herford, Reynolds and Brown.

The following rules were adopted for the

government of the Board, being in part the embodiment of certain conditions imposed by the Association in creating the trust, and, for the rest, such regulations as the trustees felt it incumbent on them to make, in fulfillment of the design they were charged to execute:—

RULES.

1. The officers of this board shall be a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a standing committee of three, to receive and report applications for aid; these officers to be chosen annually.

2. The Board shall meet annually, in the month of May, during Anniversary Week, and at other times, according to its own votes or the call of its officers.

3. No money from the fund held by this Board shall be bestowed as a gift, and all loans from the same shall be made on adequate security.

4. No money shall be loaned except by consent of seven of the nine trustees.

5. No change shall be made in the conditions of any loan, or in the terms of its repayment, except by unanimous consent of the full Board of Trustees.

6. No money shall be loaned until the act of incorporation of the society applying for aid and the plan of the building it proposes to erect have been submitted to the trustees and approved by them.

7. Not more than half the whole value of a building and the land on which it stands shall be loaned from this fund; nor shall any loan be made unless it suffices to clear the property of all other indebtedness.

8. Sums not exceeding \$5,000 may be loaned from this fund, with or without interest, as shall be determined in each case; but in every case, provision shall be made for the annual repayment of a certain fixed portion of the sum loaned, as may be agreed upon.

9. In return for every loan, the trustees shall take the note of the society, with such personal indorsement or guarantee thereof as they shall deem satisfactory, said note to be secured also by a mortgage on the church property; and in no case shall the trustees suffer default to be made without proceeding to legal measures for the collection of the debt.

The Board has already granted one loan on the above conditions, and is now ready to receive further applications, though final action upon these applications may have to wait till the churches have completed the contribution pledged by them. These applications should be addressed to Rev. Brooke Herford, Chairman of the Standing Committee, No. 101 Pinckney street, Boston. Blank forms of application and copies of the above regulations may be procured of the secretary. Preliminary plans and estimates prepared by a competent architect can be furnished to societies desiring to build, on application to the secretary, who will be glad to correspond with any who seek further information with regard to the uses of this fund.

For the trustees,

H. N. BROWN, Sec'y.

Business Notices.

The *Southern Churchman*, which has been advertised in this paper for two weeks past, is published at Richmond, Va. The address was omitted by mistake.

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The Exchange Table.

Love Brings Us Unity.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

Many in one, our fathers said;
Many in one, say we:
Of different creeds, of different forms,
Love brings us unity.

Let Science scan the open page
Of sky and sea and land,
And tell the secrets written there
By Time's mysterious hand.

Let Art reveal the inner thought
In Nature's forms of Grace,
And feel God's presence everywhere,
See everywhere his face.

Let Faith attune the hidden strings
That Science cannot sound;
And Future, Past, and Present bind
In one harmonious round.

From each, from all, may life outflow,
To each and all flow in:
It needs us all to swell the chords
Of life's triumphant hymn.

Truths.

Samuel Baxter Foster.

The music of humanity is harmonizing the world.

Feeling is the source of joy—purpose and will carry out feeling.

True greatness is no lazy man's dower.

Without its moral backing, intellect is the wealth of an idiot king.

Love is the most priceless jewel which decorates the temple of home.

Envy paints black the shrine of happiness.

Despair cannot nestle in the heart of love.

Mr. Ruskin's Little Joke.

The Christian Life.

On Saturday last Mr. Ruskin was to have delivered one of his lectures at Oxford on the "Pleasures of England." An audience of 500 people assembled in the Museum, and waited for him for an hour. When he came in he told them the lecture was postponed till Monday week, and meantime he would read them an essay on "Patience."

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1882. : INDEX : 1885.

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It was not, however, until a comparatively recent day—for the various school journals of the different States are not to be considered in this connection—that this wide-spread feeling, encouraged by the active measures of the President and leading professors of the University of Michigan, took definite and forcible shape in the inauguration, now some four or five years ago, of the movement to establish, at Ann Arbor, the educational centre of the West, a journal of this character, that should reflect the maturest thought on educational, philosophical, scientific, historical, political, financial, social, literary, and artistic questions of current moment.

But while the unusual facilities for carrying forward such an enterprise afforded by the presence and influence of this great home of learning, as well as the conviction existing in many quarters that there should be some recognized medium of communication between the leading thinkers throughout the country and an institution of so great influence in molding the education of the West, furnished powerful incentives to the choice of the seat of the University of Michigan for the founding of such a journal, and ultimately led to the selection of three of its editors from the faculty of that institution, yet it was clearly foreseen that, in order to the highest degree of success, there must be perfect freedom for the editors in the expression of their convictions, and the opportunity of an unprejudiced hearing for every school of thinkers.

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"Suppose that we part (work done comes play) With"—

"Maggie, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mum, I'll shut the blinds right away."

There is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year. In this country we have no glaciers; but we have messenger boys.

Boy (with feeling): "I'm an orphan, and father's broke his leg and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money, they'll lick me."

"Is land high in Vermont?" asked a speculator of an old Green Mountain farmer. "I should think it is," was the reply. "If the trees wan't so stunted the clouds couldn't get by at all."

"You Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride." "That is very true," she assented. "Most of our ancestors came from England, you know."

A servant girl, a year over, was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said, "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with."

"Here is an advertisement that interests me a good deal," said Mrs. Benton, thoughtfully. "What is it?" asked her husband. "Why, it's the advertisement of a '7 per cent. net, security guaranteed.' I'm awfully bothered lately about keeping up my back hair, and I believe I'll call in and look at it."

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter distinguished himself once more at the funeral of an aged colored man: "Our deceased brudder was married foah times during his life," said Whangdoodle, "but only one ob de widows am so fortunate as to be able to survive him long enough to be present on dis heah solemnious occasion."

Humorist: "I notice you always place the 'Spirit of the Religious press' and the reports of sermons after my column of wit and humor. May I ask why you arrange thusly?" Editor: "With the idea that after struggling with your jokes, the patient reader will be sorely in need of religious consolation."—*The Rambler.*

A young man asked another to be presented to a young girl burdened with awkwardness. Hesitating, he condescended, saying, "Well, trot her out." This she overheard. The crowd passing by separated, he was led up to her and their names were exchanged. She coolly surveyed him from head to foot, and after a moment turned to the gentleman who brought him, and said, "I have seen enough. Trot him back." And back he went, with flushed face and dejected mien.—*Mrs. Kate G. Wells, in "About People."*

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